paint that there was no way to convey any pay to them, nor any means to guarantee that the pay would be earned.

Any man who might become a member of a band might in time come to influence the other members of that band in any desired direction; that was all that could be done and it could not amount to much

be done, and it could not amount to much

was wanted was a body of men willing to harass the Russians without waiting for them to be already losing. Of such men the

numbers possible to raise were small, com-paratively. But they were good. With a little instruction they made distinctly better soldiers in every way than the Rus-

and neglected the most ordinary precau-

-Mark Twain's Daughter in Concert.

Ernesto Tamagno, not to be forgotton

ontemporaries, Enrico Caruso and Ales-

sandro Bonci, has just made his reap-

pearance in Rome. He appeared in a re-

vival of Verdi's "Poliuto," which had not

been sung in Italy for years. Mascagni

conducted the orchestra, and the perform-

ances are said to have aroused great en-

he left this country. After the Monte Carlo season he went to Barcelona, taking

the journey for the sake of singing only

Alie. Destinn is at the Royal Opera House

and M. de reszke nas made in spreade that at Covent Garden. But for some reason he has not been engaged to sing there for several years, and among the various en-gagements rumored from time to time the de Reszkes are not mentioned.

Why Senator Bates Decen't Smoke.

From the Peoria Journal.

his mouth is always unlighted. No, he is

Senator Bates of Tennessee is a passionate

twice in the Spanish city. He has reco

Signor Caruso has been very active since

Liure of Zola to Practise What He Preached—Lifelong Struggles of the Man Who Invented the Dramatic Formula of the Latter Day French Stage-A Caustie Critic Himself

Emile Zola once wrote in his sweeping dictatorial manner: "Le théâtre sera naturaliste ou il ne sera pas," but as Henry Becque said in his mordant style, Zola always convinced one in his pronunciamentos; it was only when he attempted to put his heories into action that they completely broke down. Alas! realism in the theatre, after all the gong-sounding of cafe sestheticians, after the desperate campaigns of the one clairvoyant manager in the movement, Antoine, is as dead as the roman-ticism of "Hernani." After the flamboyant, the drab-and now they are both relegated

When Zola sat down to pen his famous call to arms, "Naturalism on the Stage," Antoine was still in the future, Dumas file and Sardou ruled the Parisian theatre, "Uncle" Sarcey manufactured his diverting fewilletone and Augier was become a classic. The author of "L'Assommoir" had like Alexander sighed for new worlds to subjugate. ad won a victory, thanks to Flaubert and the De Goncourts, in fiction; it remained the theatre to provoke his ire. It still clung obstinately to old fashioned conventions and refused to be coerced either by "Henrietta Maréchal" or by the furious onslaught of Zola and his cohort of writing men.

In the essay referred to, Zola made the well known speech that a piece of work will always be a corner of nature seen through a temperament. He told the truth when he said that the "romantic movement was but a skirmish; romanticism which corresponds to nothing durable, was simply a restless regret of the old world." Stendhal and Balzac had created the modern novel. The stage did not move with the other arts, though Diderot and Meroler "laid down squarely the basis of the naturalistic theatre." Victor Hugo gave the romantic drama its death blow. Scribe was an ingenious cabinet maker. Sardou has no life only movement." Dumas the younger was spoiled by cleverness-"a man of genius is not olever, and a man of genius is necessary to establish the naturalistic formula in a masterly fashion. Besides, Dumas preaches, always preaches. *Emile Augier is the real master of the French stage, the most sincere"-but he did not know how to disengage himself from conventions, from stereotyped ideas, from

Who then was to be the savior, according to Zola? And this writer did not underrate the difficulties of the task. He knew that "the dramatic author was enclosed in a rigid frame, . . that the solitary tolerates everything, goes where he is led, even when he is disgusted; while the spectators taken en masse are seized with prudishness, with frights, with sensibilities of which the author must take notice under pain of a certain fall. But everything marches forward! If the theatre will submit to Sardon's juggling, to the theories and witticisms of Dumas, to the sentimental characters of Augier, the theatre will be left in the onward movement of civilization, and as Becque said in his "Souvenirs of a Dramatio Author," the theatre has reached its end many times, yet somehow it continues to flourish despite the gloomy prophecies of the professors and critical malcontents. Every season, declared M. Becque, that same cry rises to heaven-"la fin du théatre;" and the next season the curtain rises in the same old houses, on the same old plays.

However, Zola trumpeted forth his epinions. According to him the De Gonnotion realistic ideas. "Henriette Maréchal" with its dialogue copied from the spoken conversation of contemporary life, with its various scenes copied boldly from reality, was a path breaker. And Becque again interrupts; Edmond de Goncourt posed for thirty years as a hissed author. pour cette panade d' Henriette Maréchal. Away with the mechanism of the polished, dovetailed machine-made play of Dumas. I yearn for life with its shiver, its breath and its strength; I long for life as it is," passionately declaimed the simple minded courgeois Zola, who then, in default of other naturalistic dramatists, turned his "Therese Raquin" into a play-and an awful melodrama it was, not without its moments of power, but romantic and old fashioned

And this was Zola's punishment. He contumaciously usurped the throne of realism, never realizing his life long that he was a remanticist of the deepest dye, a followe of Hugo, that melodramatic tale teller All the while he fancied himself a lineal descendant of Balzac and Flaubert. Like Moses, he saw the promised land, but there t ended. Searching ceaselessly with his Diogenese lantern for a dramatist, he neverless everlooked not only a great one but the true father of the latter-day mevement in French dramatic literature, Henry Becque. What a paradox! Here was the unfertunate Becque patrolling the boulewards night and day with plays under his arm, plays up his sleeve, plays in his hat, plays at home—and always was he shown the door, only to reappear at the managerial window. Calm in his superiority, his temper untouched by his trials, Becque ented the picture of the true Parisian man of genius-witty, ironical on the subject of his misfortunes, and absolutely undaunted by refusals. He persisted until he forced his way into the Comédie Française, lespite the intriguing, the disappointments the broken promises and the open hostility of Sarcey, then the reigning pontiff of French dramatic criticism. Jules Clarétie pretended a sympathy that he did not feel and it was only when pressure was brought by Edouard Thierry that his masterpiece Les Corbeaux," was put on the stage after many disheartening delays; after it had been refused at the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, the Odéon, the Porte-Saint-Martin, the Gaité, the Cluny and the Ambigu. Such perseverance is positively heroic.

I know of few more diverting books than Beoque's Memoirs and the record of his Literary Quarrels. If he was gay, careless and unspoiled by his failures in his daily existence, he must have saved his bile for his books. They are vitriolic. The lashing he gives Sarcey and Clarétie adly. He had evidently put his revengeful feelings carefully away and only revived them when the time came, when his successes, his disciples, his election as naster of a powerful school, warranted his decenting the bitter vintage. How t sparkles, how it bites! He pours upon the head of Sarcey his choicest irony. After anubbing the young Becque, after pomp-ously telling him that he had no talent, that he should take Scribe for a model, as a possible strong figure in the dramatic world, calmly wrote: "Oh! Becque, I

have known a long time. He brought me his first piece. He owes it to me that his 'The Prodigal Son' was played." To cap his attack, Becque prints this state-ment at the end of the miserable history of his efforts to secure a footing. It is almost too good to be true. Diabolically elever also is his imitation of a Sarcey critique on Molière, for Sarcey was no friend of character dramas.

In his preface to "The Ravens" Becque nnounces that he is not a thinker, not a dreamer, not a psychologist, not a be-liever in heredity. As Jean Julien truly said, the Becque plays prove nothing, are not photographic, are not deformations of life, but sincere life itself. The author relates that in composing—he had a large apartment on the rue de Matignon—he spent much time in front of a mirror searching for the exact gesture, for the exact glance of the eye, for the precise intonation. This idelity to nature recalls a similar procedure of Flaubert, who chanted at the top of his formidable voice his phrases to see if they would stand the test of breathing. Becque caught the just color of every speech, and it is this preoccupation with seentials of his art that enabled him to set on their feet most solidly all his characters. They live, they have the breath of life in hem; when they walk or talk we believe in them. The peep he permits us to take into his workshop is of much value to the

He admired Antoine, naturally, and his opinion of Zola I have recorded. He rapped Brunetière sharply over knuckles for assuming that criticism conserves the tradition of literature. Vain words, cries Becque; literature makes itself the critics. Only a sterile art is the result of academies. Curiously enough, Becque had a consuming admiration for Sardou. Him he proclaimed the real master, the man of imagination, observation, the masterly manipulator of the character of characters. This is rather disconcerting to those who admire in the Becque plays just those qualities in which Sardou is deficient. Perhaps the fact that Sardou ab solutely forced the production of Becque's "L'Enfant Prodigue" may have accentuated his praise of that prestidigitator of Marly. Becque entertained a qualified opinion of Ibsen and an overwhelming feeling for Tolstoy as dramatist. The Russian's "Powers of Darkness" greatly affected the Frenchman. [Becque was born in 1837 and died in 1900.1

And what is this naturalistic formula of Becque's that escaped the notice of the zealous Zola and set the pace for nearly all the younger men? Is it not the absence of a formula of the tricks of construction religiously handed down by the Scribe-Sardou school? As is generally the case, the disciples have gone their master one better in their disdain of solid workmanship. The taint of the artificial, of the sawdust, is missing in Becque's masterpieces; yet with all their large rhythms, inconventional act-ends and freedom from the clicke, there is no raggedness in detail; indeed, close study reveals the presence of a delicate, intricate mechanism, so shielded by the art of the dramatist as to illude us into believing that we are in the presence of unreasoned reality. Setting aside his pessimism, his harsh handling of character. his want of sympathy-a true objectivity-Becque is as much a theatermenech as Sardou. He saw the mad futility of the literary men who invaded the theatre full of arrogant belief in their formulas, in their newer conventions that would have supplanted older ones. A practical playwright, our author had no patience with those who attempted to dispense with the frame of the footlights, who would turn the playhouse into a literary farm through which would gambol all sorts of incompetents masquerading as original dramatic

Becque's major quality is his gift of lifelike characterization. Character with him is of prime importance. He did not tear down the structure of the drama. merely removed much of the scaffolding which time had allowed to disfigure its façade. While Zola and the rest were devising methods for doing away with the formal drama, Becque sat reading Molière. Molière is his real master-Mo lière and life, as Augustin Filon truthfully says. In his endeavor to put before us his people in a simple, direct way he did smash several conventions. He usually lands his audience in the middle of the action, emitting the old-fashioned exposition act, careful preparation and ometimes development, as we know it in the well regulated drama. But search for his reasons and they are not long concealed. Logical he is, though it is not the cruel logic of Paul Hervieu, his most distinguished artistic descendant. The logic of Becque's events must retire before the logic of his characters, that is all. Humanity, then, is his chief concern. He cares little for literary style. He is not a stylist, though he has style-the stark, individual style of Henry Becque.

Complications, catastrophe, denouement, all these are attenuated in the Becque plays. Atmosphere supplies the exposition, character painting, action. The impersonality of the dramatist is profound. If he had projected himself or his views upon the scene, then we would have been back with Dumas and his preachments. Faguet was right when he wrote that we are returning to the Molière comedy of character. Movement in the accepted sense there is but little. Treatment and interpretation have been whittled away to a mere profile, so that in the Anteine repertory the anecdote bluntly expressed and dumped on the boards a slice of real life comment-without skill, one

tempted to add. Becque was nearer the fountain head of classic form than Hervieu, Donnay, De Curel, Georges Ancey, Leon Hennique, Camille Fabre, Maurice Donnay, Lemattre, Henri Levidan and the rest of the younger group that delighted in honoring him with the title of supreme master. After all, Becque's was a modified naturalism. He recognized the limitations of his material and subdued his hand to them. M. Filon has pointed out with his accustomed acuity that Becque and his followers tried to bring their work "into line with the philosophy of Taine," as Dumas and Augier's ideas corresponded with those of Victor Cousin, the eclectic philosopher. Positivism, rather than naked realism, is Becque's note. The cold blooded pessimism that pervades so unpleasantly many of his comedies was the resultant of a temperament sorely tried by experience, and one steeped in the mate-

rialism of the Second Empire. So we get from him the psychology of the crowd, instead of the hero ego of earlier dramatists. He contrives a dense atmosphere, into which he plunges his puppets. and often his people appear cold, heartless, cynical. He is a surgeon, more like Ibsen than he would ever acknowledge in his calm exposure of social maladies. And what a storehouse have been his studies of character for the generation succeeding him!
Doubtless the "grass is already green on
the grave of dramatic naturalism," as Filon
boasted. Becque forged the formula, the
others but developed it. His plays must be
examined separately. James Hunkers.

JAPS DISGUISED AS CHINESE.

SPIES THAT PENETRATE EVEN INTO MANCHURIAN WILDS.

Russians Know It, but Can't Prevent It -- Experiences of a Japanese Who Had Played Many Roles--Red Beard Bandits Help - Their Organization.

It is no secret that there are Japanese in disguise as Chinese going with impunity among the real Chinese all over the Russian lines, as coolies or navvies, barrack builders, trench diggers, peddlers, hewers of wood and drawers of water, vendors of beer and cigarettes and cheap pocket knives and everything else imaginable. The Russians know it, say the Singapore Straits Budget, but cannot prevent it, for there is absolutely no telling a Japanese from a Chinese if made up alike, and the question cannot be solved by excluding all, for the Russians cannot get along without the Chinese. The British in India without any Hindoos would not be more helpless. Though we hear so much of Russian emigrants and peasant soldiers "pouring" into this part of the world, they seem to have been swal-lowed up, for when there is work to be done it has to wait till Chinese can be got. Without them the Russians seem unable even to carry on the war. And when Chinese are admitted one never knows which one among them may be a disguised Japanese.

Of course, as long as he is in Manchuria he keeps his secret as closely as the grave, for his life probably depends on it. But having got clear away he likes to be rid of pigtail and dirty garb, and become once more a clean and decent Japanese. Usually the transformation is effected in private, so that none but his intimates know, for at a lodging house used by both nationalities, nobody keeps count or notices if a Chinaman goes in or a Japanese comes out. So it is rather curious work getting on the track of these men from Manchuria and finding out anything about them.

Of course, they do not reveal their identity and tell all they know to any one; but, on the other hand, even the most discreet man can have an acquaintance or two, with whom he may converse about his adventures, so long as he is only telling of things which can be seen and known by all. It is no secret that hawkers go from village to village in Manchuria, selling buttons and tapes, and doing other harmless necessary business, even in regions infested by the Hung-hu-tze, the Red Beard Bandits. It is no secret that a man can join the bandits, is no secret that a man can join the bandits, raiding towns, stealing whole herds of cattle, cutting telegraph wires and tearing up rails to baffle the pursuing forces and disappearing as swiftly and mysteriously as De Wet in the Transvaal or Aguinaldo in the Philippines. And it is well knewn how, in the last resort, if hotly pressed, the bandits can either make terms and share the loot with the Cossacks or resume the the loot with the Cossacks or resume the rôle of peaceful peasants and appear in the fields working as innocently as any yokel that ever lived on a farm.

The peasantry do not a

that ever lived on a farm.

The peasantry do not as a rule betray them, for several reasons. First, from the fear of vengeance; secondly, because the Hung-hu-tze rather follow the style of old Robin Hood in posing as friends of the poor (as a matter of policy); and finally, because the Cossacks themselves are worse because the Cossacks themselves are worse brigands than the Hung-hu-tze. Soldiers chiefly prey on the poor and helpless, leaving the influential people carefully alone. The people in this part of the world simply say: "It is all the same whether we have Chinese officials or foreign, for we are robbed in either case. Chinese or foreign soldiers all are ruffians and swashbucklers alike, bully us, take what they will and pay bully us, take what they will and pay half or nothing, do what they will with women, and who can resist? Heaven wills that human beings must suffer certain evils. That is the attitude of the Chinese at large.

Of the Japanese who have been in Manchuris in Chinese guiss some find their way.

churia in Chinese guise, some find their way back via Shanhaikwan and Tientsin, some via Corea and some by steamer from Newchwang. There have been a dozen steamers leaving Newchwang since the ice broke up, and they took away over 15,000 Chinese artisans tradesmen farmers Chinese, artisans, tradesmen, farmers and so on, all anxious to get away from Chinese, artisans, tradesmen, farmers and so on, all anxious to get away from the war, with its dangers and troubles, and its stoppage of business. Out of the 15,000, perhaps there might be five disguised Japanese. I do not know and I merely guess. I really know of only one. He belonged to Osaka and had been carpenter, coal dealer, bankrupt, railway clerk, school teacher, steward on a steamer,

carpenter, coal dealer, banarupt, railway clerk, school teacher, steward on a steamer, had been in jail—of course not for any fault of his own—and then became a tourist's guide for Europeans and Americans doing the sights of Japan. He was in the Chino-Japanese War in 1894, but would not say in what capacity, though I verified his knowledge of the carpaign and of some details edge of the campaign and of some details that would not be known to a man who that would not be known to a man who was not there. From 1895 his movements must remain his own secret, up to the Boxer must remain his own secret, up to the Boxer time, when he was again in "a certain part of China," which is the current Japanese formula for saying, "Don't ask too much."

Since 1900 this man had been in various parts of Manchuria. Sometimes he went as a Japanese, but at other times "it was convenient for purposes of trade with the natives to pass as one of them. So it is; there are some hundreds of Europeans and Americans in missionary work who find it best to do the same. Once he kept a medium low class beerhouse for Russian soldiers "at a certain town." Then he was a Manchu expectant sub-prefect, i. e., he had supexpectant sub-prefect, i. e., he had sup-posedly passed (by bribery) the civil service expectant sun-presect, i.e., he had supposedly passed (by bribery) the civil service
examinations up to the rank of sub-prefect, but was still in want of a berth, again
a matter of bribery; meantime he belonged
to the great army of unemployed and impecunious aristocracy of China. Again,
he was a Japanese barber, then a Chinese
horse dealer in a small way, travelling in
remote country districts. He added, laughing, "I had no horses, no customers, never
bought or sold an animal." I asked (well
knowing): "Then what did yeu do?" He
answered, "Yastmimashita, honto!" "Taking a rest, truly!" And we both laughed
at the irony of it.
Well, he said, there were things which
could not be divulged, of course, but there
was no harm in saying a few things which
were already open for all the world to see
for themselves. How many more Japanese
had done the same as himself? Naturally,
that could not be stated, even if he knew;

had done the same as himself? Naturally, that could not be stated, even if he knew; and probably not more than two or three men in the world knew. It was obvious to any one that there might well be fifty, or a hundred or any number, and that they could penetrate everywhere; for if the Russians wish to build a house or barrack or fort wish to build a house or barrack or fort to lay a railway siding, to ferry a regiment across a river, to carry a trainload of provisions from the station into the innermost part of a fortress, to repair a warship, they must employ Chinese coolies, and what European can tell when a Chinaman is not a Chinaman?

warship, they must employ chinese cooles, and what European can tell when a Chinaman. "About that, a funny thing happened once," said my informant. "I was one among many passengers going in a big river junk three days journey up the—River. I was then a Buddhist mendioant priest, and I spoke with a slight Mongolian accent. We passengers all huddled up together in the bottom of the junk to sleep at night, dirty and with all our day clothes on—a repulsive thing to a Japanese—"and the next man to me was a Chinese, foreman of a tannery at Mukden. He had the smell of the tanyard and the stale hides pretty strong. At night our boat moored to the bank at a small town, along with other boats. While we were all asleep there was a sudden alarm, a great bang and crash, and the boat's mat roof, with a lot of snow, fell on us, and everybody seemed to be shouting. The shock, the cold, wet snow, and the consusion and darkness, dazed me in my waking moments. I forgot myself and I struck out wildly with both hands. The tanner next to me was also only half awake and he let out a bad word—in Japanese. The next minute he remembered, and spoke Chinese, but I had spotted him, and as I didn't know what the alarm, was about I hastily whispered 'Anata-to watakhi-to not taking the cure; he explains it in this way;
It seems that during the war, Senator then General) Bates was riding by the side of his brother during a battle. He felt the longing for a "smoke" coming on, and so drew a fine flavored Havana from his pocke t He scratched a match against the saddle, and was just about to light a weed, when a shell whizzed suddenly by, and the quick rush of air accompanying the shell put the match out. He was about to strike another when, turning, he discovered that the shell had made its mark, for there lay the deed body of his brother. To this day he has a sort of superstitien regarding lighted cigars, and this explains why he enly indulges is a "dry smoke."

Nihon-futtairs'—both you and I are Japanese—and we stood together ready for the worst, for river pirates, Cossock raiders, or we knew not what. It was nothing, after all, only a badly moored junk breaking adrift and smashing into every other. But it was a queer introduction to a fellow countryman in an outlandish place, en' I tell you honestly I hadn't suspected him for one of us, nor he me. Bo you see how it is."

Six'Men and a Deg Capture Right Rattlers and a Cepperhead—Three of the Snakes Taken Aliva—Battlers Junt

and a Copperhead—Three of the Snakes Taken Alive—Rattlers Just Like Humans in Some Respects. NEW MILFORD, Conn., June 11 .- "It ought

of course, I do not mean that the story was told to me in fluent English like this. I have omitted the incidental eccentricities of narration.

It was impossible to extract any admission that this man had been a bandit. He had seen the Hung-hu-tze, as every one had who travelled in the country, but he would not say he had been one of them. He said, however, that there was no real secret about Japanese being among them; it was obviously in the nature of things, and need not be denied.

He said the bandits were quiet at present, for several reasons. The coming of to be a good day for snakes," remarked George Coggswell, one of the few remaining Indians on the Schaghticoke reservation, as the party of snake hunters gathered under the cherry tree in his dooryard preparatory to starting on the annual bunt of the Schaghticoke Rattlesnake ent, for several reasons. The coming of spring weather meant agricultural activity, and therefore fewer men available for other pursuits. The bandits had no concerted plans nor settled policy. Some of the leaders of bands were meeting secretly to discuss whether any combined movements and the summer and

the west bank of the Housatonic River in the town of Kent in the western part of Connecticut, close to the New York State line. Sloping up to the westward runs way up the mountain, directly back of Jim Harris's cabin, is the rattlesnake den.

plans nor settled policy. Some of the leaders of bands were meeting secretly to discuss whether any combined movement could be organized in the summer and autumn, when farm work would again be slack and recruits for robber bands would be plentiful. Probably something could be arranged, but not what the outer world seemed to think; not the formation of a grand army of national liberation, nor any such ambitious thing.

The Hung-hu-tze were chiefly men of no very high motives. They were malcontents, ne er-do-weels or escaped criminals, Chinese, Manchu, Mongol, Ordos, Elsuts, Buriats and even a few Russians, fugitives from the Siberian prisons. Most of them had no aspirations or thoughts beyond mere self-preservation and the need of daily bread. Their motives were almost entirely of the most sordist, and political questions or national issues never entered their heads, except in so far as they might directly affect the bandit business. They took to the business for a livelihood.

The stories about the Hung-hu-tze being in the pay of Japan were abourd; it was plain that there was no way to convey any pay to them, nor any means to guarantee, that the ray would be earned. The den is not over half an acre in area but that half acre is so jagged and rough that it is difficult to travel or hunt through it. The ledges are broken in places, and the formation of the rocks has left innumerable little shelves on which the rattlers come out to lie in the warm sun.

This year spring was backward, and when ordinarily the snakes are out and lively by the middle of May, it was not until last week that they really began to thaw out and get active and at the same time ricious and fighting angry if disturbed. The rattlers winter in this ledge, and though they are hunted each year their number does not seem to decrease.

George Coggswell, who is the best wing shot and trapper along the Schaghticook ridge, always pilots the hunt. Sunday always set for the rattlesnake hunt, for the reason that on weekdays the hunters are busy on the farms about the reservation. There were half a dozen on the hunt last Sunday; Coggswell, John Munroe, Perry Nickerson, Ab Hyde, Dad Barber and the writer.

still, it might be worked up into a force with some cohesion in a few months; and if they could show a few successes every Chinaman in Manchuria would be ready to join the winning side. That sort of thing, however, counted for nothing, because what Putting on rubber boots, leather leggings or high topped shoes as a safeguard against the fangs of the venemous reptiles, the nunters started. Each of them carried rattlesnake fork, a stick of ash about eight feet long with the two branches cut at the top so as to form a crotch. These forks are used to pin the snake's body to he ground and hold him there till he is killed or captured alive, as may be preferred.

sians, whether Cossacks or others.

My informant, while denying that he ever witnessed an engagement between Hung-hu-tze and Cossacks, stated that on several occasions the bandits had defeated a superior number of Russians. The latter usually allowed themselves to be outwitted and neelected the most pressure. Perry Nickerson carried along a sma oblong box with a wire netting stretched on one side and a sliding lid over that in which to confine such snakes as were wanted

Half a mile up the trail from Coggswell's THE OPERA SINGERS ABROAD. the party stopped at Jim Harris's cabin to see if Jim wanted to join in the hunt. Jim Mile. Destinn's Success at Covent Garden s the last remaining full blood of the Schaghticooke Indians, and carries the mail from the town of Kent through the altogether in the present fame of his younger reservation to Bull's Bridge.

He was out in the grass playing with his hildren. Near him, in a rope swing, sat his eldest daughter, Jessie, a girl of sixteen, with hair and eyes as black as night and teeth as white as chalk and as even as the pickets on a fence.

"Want to go on the hunt, Jim?" asked "No: feel sore in the legs. Hard climbin

up them rocks. Guess I won't go to-day, answered Indian Harris.
"Ain't you afraid Dash'll get bit?" asked Jessie, for Coggswell's long haired shep-herd dog was one of the hunting party. "Him get bit!" exclaimed the owner in derision. "Guess 76 don't know that dog.

He's killed more rattlesnakes than ye ever

up the side of the mountain the little party climbed, along a road that had been used by the charcoal men when they went back and forth to their coal pits when the mountain was coaled off a score of years

twice in the Spanish city. He has recently been travelling through some of the German cities with two other singers and Signor Vigna. The soprano was a Pole named Pinkert, who is popular in Italy as a light soprano. The other roles in the operas were sung by the resident German artists. Signor Caruso was as successful as he has usually been elsewhere.

Clara Clemens, the daughter of Mark Twain, who began her career tentatively here as a concert singer several years ago, recently took part in a charity concert in Florence, and is said to have made great improvement since she resumed her studies. But she is not going to follow a professional career, and will use her talents merely for the pleasure of herself and her friends.

The great success of the present season of opera at Covent Garden seems to be Emmy Destinn; who has shown her versatility by singing in both German and Italian. One of her triumphs in Engand was as Nedda in "I Pagliacoi," which she sang with Signor Caruso. He finally decided to go to Covent Garden for a few appearances.

Mile, Destinn is at the Royal Opera House ago. Every four or five hundred yards a liese halt was taken to get breath, for the leaves under foot had become dry and were like ice to step on.

"Go quiet," said Coggswell, as Ab Hyde fell over an old beech log which had fallen across the trail years ago and was rotting in the dust.

"If you step on a snake stand still," advised Munroe, "for if you jump you'll let the varmint loose an' he might strike ye."

The hunters separated now as the snake

The hunters separated now as the snak den was reached, each one sneaking over the rocks as quietly as possible and being careful not to take a step until he had carefully scrutinized every inch of ground before the step ahead was made. But for the occasional rustling of dry leaves or the cracking of a stick under foot there were no sounds save those of the hermit wrens and the blue jays that circled about

Mile. Destinn is at the Royal Opera House in Berlin and is under a contract there for four years longer. She is a Bohemian, and just now the most interesting prima donna in any of the German opera houses. Maurice Grau had her under contract for the present season, but his retirement from active work cancelled the engagement. Elisabeth Parkina—in the fiesh Parkinson of Kansas City—has been much praised in London for her singing of Siebel at Covert Garden. It was not a trying part for overhead.
"I've got him!" suddenly came a yell.
It was Munroe, who was hunting to the extreme right of the den. There was a scramble over the rocks to get to the cap-

son of Kansas City—has been much praised in London for her singing of Siebel at Covent Garden. It was not a trying part for a woman who has sung Lakmé and Gilda. Miss Parkina is an example of what pluck will accomplish. She made her first appearance more than a year ago in Malta, and was so nervous that she failed entirely. It seemed as if her career had begun and ended on that night. Undismayed, she went back to Paris, kept her studies up for a while longer and ultimately reappeared at the Opéra Comique when she was able to do herself justice.

Alice Nielson, the American prima donna, has been called too much in the style of operetta because the critics knew that she used to aing in comic opera. Else her Zerlina and Susana would probably not have evoked that comment.

Suzanne Adams sang for the first time the part of the Countess which ought te lie leautifully within her voice. A new made an agreeable impression in the lighter

evoked that comment.
Suzanne Adams sang for the first time
the part of the Countess which ought te
lie Feautifully within her voice. A new
Danish tenor named Herold seems to have
made an agreeable impression in the lighter Danish tenor named meroid seems to have made an agreeable impression in the lighter Wagnerian rôles.

Jean and Edouard de Reezke are, after all, to return to the stage for a performance of opera—only one, however. "Tristan und Isolde" will be sung by the two brothers, Milka Ternina, Marie Bréma and Anton Van-Rooy at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt during the last week in June. The performance, which will be given in German, is for a Paris charity.

The two de Reszkes have also been invited to come to London to sing for the particular benefit of Queen Alexandra, who has always been one of the tenor's great admirers. But even royal influence does not seem equal to securing an engagement for him at Covent Garden. He was the most popular tenor heard there in years, and it was necessary only to announce his name in the Wagner operas to fill the theatre. The journey to Paris is short and M. de Reszke has made his greatest fame at Covent Garden. But for some reason he tied a piece of twine to a short stick and on the free end made a noose. This he dropped

tied a piece of twine to a short stick and on the free end made a noose. This he dropped down upon the rattler.

The snake's neck arched as he drew his head back, and, like an arrow from the bow, the head shot forward, and the open mouth, the pink lips moist with venom, caught the twine and held it tight.

"He's a devill" said Coggswell.

Several hard taps on the head were required to make the snake let go of the twine. Then Munroe fixed the noose again and tried to drop it over his head. But again the flat head darted forward and the noose was held fast again.

Three times the rattler succeeded in catching the noose in his jaws, but the feurth time Munroe was successful. The noose was drawn tight around the snake's neck, just behind the head, and he was held up at full length.

The rattle had ceased, and when that ceases the snake is conquered, af least for the time being. The lid was slipped off the box and carefully the old rattler—he had nine buttons on his tail—was lowered into it.

When the squirming body was all in the

lowered into it.

When the squirming body was all in the box his head was drawn up close to the box his head was drawn up close to the edge and the twine was cut off close to his neck and he dropped into the box. By a series of convulsive swallows the snake threw the noose free from his neck, and

in two minutes was rattling his tail as he had done when first pinned by Munroe's forked stick.

The hunt proceeded up the side of the den. In a few minutes the bark of Dash, the prize dog rattlesnake hunter of the Schaghtteeckes, rang out at a point high up in the ridge.

Schaghticeckes, rang out at a point high up in the ridge.

"Dog's got one!" cried Coggswell.

Everybody made a dash for the direction of the dog.

"Mind him close!" called Coggswell to the dog, and the old, shaggy haired dog, as wise in rattlesnake lore as his master, whined an answer of impatience to the hunters. hunters.
"I see him," said Dad Barber. "He's mader the edge of the big stone, all ouried

TRADE DIE IN THE HOUSE

UNBEATABLE EXTERMINATOR OF COCKROACHES and BED BUGS

Has proven to be the quickest, most thorough exterminator of Bed Bugs, Cocksches and Ants, as well as Rats and Mich.

Decidedly effective, and safely used Enty years. Does the work and does it right. FOR BED BUGS. After scalding, put a small life box of Rough while using. Douche the mixture into cracks, crevices, holes and openings of the bedstead, walls and floors; back of wall paper, wherever the bugs hide; then mix a small box of Rough on Rate thoroughly with a quarter pound of lard or lard and tallow—with the mixture, fill all holes, openings, cracks and crevices in the bedstead, flooring, walls, etc. Either method effective, both warranted to never fail; to be effective and lasting.

When Papering Walls, have the workman mix a box of Rough on Rate in a pair of pasts.

FOR ROACHES AND ANTS. Mir, say a 850 or tw with a pound or so of mashed hoiled potatoes, or with a loaf of finely crumbled dampened hread, or two tin cups of fine powdered finely crumbled dampened hread, or two tin cups of fine powdered finely crumbled dampened hread, or two tin cups of fine powdered finely rid your premises of these pests. Is sold all around the world. Is used by all civilised nations of the earth. Is the meet extensively advertised, the best known and has the largest sale of any article of its kind on the face of the globe. It gives satisfaction every time, everywhere. The eld reliable that never fails. Always does the work and does it right. Never fools not disappoints the buyer. Beware of catch-penny devices, ready-prepared for use preparations—things said to be as good. Nothing is or can be as good. Beware of imitations. I employ no peddiers. In life and Sic wooden boxes, and \$1.00 card board boxes. Sold by druggists everywhere.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

up and ready to strike."

"Jam yer stick on him just enough to hold him fast, but don't kill him. We'll take him alive, too, fer he's good size, "said

take him alive, too, fer he's good size, "said Ab Hyde.

Down on the snake's back went the forked stick, and it struck him so hard that the snake's mouth flew open and his rattle started to whirr its anthem of defiance and hate for man. The snake was a prisoner now, and the dog, knowing that his work was done, retired to a flat stone above and watched operations.

This one was a black backed rattler. He was placed in the snake box by the same method as the first one. He was a three-footer, but his disposition was a good deal worse than that of the yellow backed snake.

anake.

"Rattlers are jest as different in disposition as folks are," said Coggswell.

"Some of the varmints are devils, and others are half peaceable. There is lots of things human about rattlers."

human about rattlers."

The roughest part of the den was encountered now. Progress was slow and difficult, for when hunting for these reptiles no one thinks of taking hold of the rocks, as there is no telling at what moment a rattler might strike your hand.

Suddenly there was a noise of something sliding over rocks. Every one straightened up and held his breath, listening.

"I've cornered one here, under a rock," came the call.

"I've cornered one here, under a rock," came the call.

It was Dad Barber. The snake had escaped his fork and managed to crawl under a big, flat rock. Down under the rock the snake's rattle could be heard when a stick was shoved into the hole through which he had crawled.

"Is he a big one?" asked Munroe.

"Fair," said Dad.

The work of prying and lifting stones to dislodge the rattler began, and when about half finished some one slipped, and something struck the rocks in the den a dozen feet below. It was Perry Nickerson who had slipped and dropped his box with the rattlesnakes in it. Perry was scrambling about to get free from the box, for the lid had been jarred off and the heads of the two rattlers were already darting over the sides of the box.

"Look out for the devils!" yelled Coggswell, leaping down on top of the snake well, leaping down on top of the snake

well, leaping down on top of the snake box. "Back in there, ye devil!" and the old snake hunter hit the big yellow backed rattler over the head with his snake fork.

The snake did dodge back into the box, too. Then Coggswell slid the lid back on the box, and the reptiles were safe once

more.

Perry Nickerson was feeling himself over to ascertain the extent of his bruises. He was not hurt badly, but got several painful scratches from coming in contact

painful scratches from coming in contact with the rough edges of the rocks.

"I'll spell ye a bit," said Ab Hyde, taking the snake box to carry.

While the hunters had been rescuing the snake box the rattler under the flat rock had been momentarily forgotten. But Dash was found on guard close to the hole when the operation of prying was

begun again.

Soon the rock was loosened and rolled over. And there underneath it lay the rattler in a nice little cup of a hole that he had no doubt slept in many nights. A forked stick was over his neck before he had a chance to uncoil and run. And in three minutes he was a prisoner in the snake box.

The hunt continued up to the top of the den, and by that time five more rattlers had been killed. The hunt had lasted two hours, and the stomachs of the hunters were calling for something to satisfy the drain on the strength that the climbing in the rattlesnake den had occasioned.

The start down through the den was begun, and it was just about as hard climbing down as it was up. The same care had to be exercised in going down, as there might be a rattler out sunning himself that had been overlooked before.

The hunters were all in a little bunch now, sliding down over the recks. Without a word of warning, Coggswell made a leap to one side, yelling: ours, and the stomachs of the hunters were

leap to one side, yelling:
"Look out! He struck at me!"

The old hunter had seen the snake as he struck at him and had jumped just in the nick of time.
"Close call, Cogg," said Dad Barber.
"Darn near got ye, Cogg," observed

Munroe.

"Miss's as good as a mile, "growled Coggswell. "But I'm going to kill that devil fer what he tried to do to me. That's the first sneak rattlesnake I've seen fer a good

while.

"Ye see, he didn't give a bit o' warnin', not a tarnal bit. The most of them are fair in fightin'. Thei's why I think the rattler is the gamest and fairest snake that orawls, but sometimes ye run acrosst a sneak, jest like there are sneaks among

sneak, jest like there are sneaks among humans.

"They are the devils that stab ye in the back without making a whisper to let ye know what's a comin. Darn his hide, anyway. I'll prove that he's a sneak. A sneak rattler ought to be tortured to death.

"He's no good. He's got a yaller streak

in him from his nat need to his acceptantle.

"Ye remember that first one we got—that yellow backed one we got alive. Well, he rattled all the time and he was a game snake. He didn't stop till the neces was around his neck an' choked him, did he?

"Now, ye jest watch this sneak here. If he's a game snake he'll rattle. Ease up on the fork, an' give him a chance to fight if he wants to. I'll bet he quits right where he lays."

on the fork, an give him a dilate to have if he wants to. I'll bet he quits right where he lays."

The forks were raised, and instead of taking advantage of the apparent chance of freedom and squirming into a coil for a strike, the rattler lay as himp as he was when the forks were pinning him down.

"There, didn't I tell ye he was a sneak an' a quitter! Kill him! He's a disgrace to the rattlesnake tribe," declared Coggswell in disgust, and he proceeded to stab the snake to death with his fork.

Near Indian Jim Harris's cabin Dash, the dog, set up a loud barking in the brush back of the cabin. Coggswell ran ever to the dog and found a chubhead, which is the local name for the copperhead, a snake more venomous, if anything, than the rattler, and more dangerous, for the reason that he never gives any warning before striking. So the hunt netted three live rattlesnakes, five dead ones and a chubhead.

SENDING COINS IN LETTERS. Various Devices That Are Employed to

Keep Them From Breaking Out. "Coins sent loose in a letter," said a clerk in an establishment receiving much money by mail, "are always likely to break through the envelope and get lest; but there are various ways in which this may be avoided, and people generally now show more care in sending coins by mail than they formerly

"There are now made devices especially designed for use in sending coins through he mails-coin carriers. One of these consists of a card of the thickness of the coin and having punched in it a hole of the exact size of the coin to be sent, this card having a patch of thin paper pasted on the back of it, across the coin hole, while on the other side there is pasted, by one edge, a flap that side when the coin has been inserted in it.

"In such a holder it is obviously impossible for the coin to move about in the letter. Such devices are used by concerns sending out circulars inviting subscriptions to periodicals, the holder sent having an opening of the exact size of the coin required.

"Some people wrap a scrap of paper around a coin before putting it in a letter, and this helps to prevent the sharp edges of the coin from cutting or breaking through the envelope. But more and more people newadays have advanced on that. Some, for instance, now take a card and cut

for instance, now take a card and out in it parallel slits not quite so far apart as the diameter of the coin and then crowd the opposite edges of the coin into the two slits, between which it is held.

"And then some people take a card and lay the coin on it and simply paste a piece of paper over it on the card; and then there are many people now who lay a coin down on the paper on which they are writing, near one corner, and then double the corner of the paper over the coin and paste it down to the sheet around it. to the sheet around it.

"So there are many ways of sending a coin in a letter without fear of its shifting about in it and breaking out; and while there are still plenty of people who just drop a coin in a letter and let it go, there are more and more people who in sending coins by wait now aversize was an about the sending the coins by mail now exercise a reasonal care."

Street Signs. "There may be nothing in a name," said a man who reads as he walks, but when I saw this sign:

L. Pick.

en a wagon to-day, it struck me as being very suggestive. If was almost as suggestive as this sign, which I saw in Boston:

And this reminds me of a sign which I aw & Cincinnati, to wit:

Staying Power for TIRED BRAINS

Horsford's Acid Phosphate is a boon to the overworked Officeman, Student and Teacher. It keeps the mind clear, the nerve steady and the body strong.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.